For to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too:
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares*
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears.
By number, into hours of happiness*

P. JOHN, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

KING. You all look strangely on me;—and you most: *[To the Chief Justice*]*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

CH. JUST. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

KING. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy[3]?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

CH. JUST. I then did use the person of your father;

alludes to this transaction; which was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

'This circumstance therefore may fix the date of this play subsequently to the beginning of the year 1596: and perhaps it was written while this fact was yet recent. MALONE.

5. —Was this EASY? That is, was this not grievous? Shakspeare has *easy* in this sense elsewhere. JOHNSON.

Thus, perhaps, in King Henry VI. Part II. Act III. Sc. I:

« —^ these faults are *easy*, quickly

answer'd?*

" Was this *easy*?" may mean,—was this a *slight* offence?

Thus, Lord Surrey:

" And *easy* sighes, such as folkes draw in love."